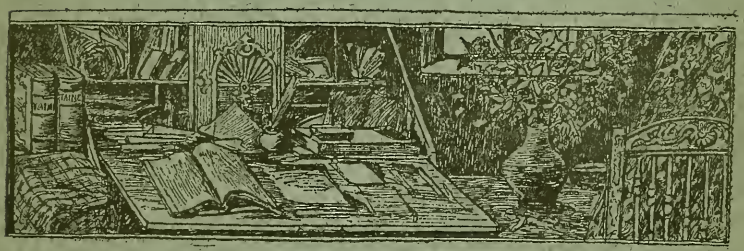
MR. RICHEY CHANGES HIS MIND

—BY—

LEE OWEN SNOOK



PRICE 25 CENTS

Eldridge Entertainment House

Franklin, Ohio *and* **Denver, Colo.**

944 So. Logan Street

Clever New Monologs and Recitations

Monologs of Merit

This we believe a splendid collection for elocutionists or for schools. Contains many of the darky sketches of Blanche Goodman which do not appear in the "Viney Sketches." Some novelty readings by Lydia McGaughey are "The White-wash Angel," "A Pair of Boots," "Robert Joins the A. H. T. A.," "Robert and the Auto," "Seven, Seventeen and Seventy," "In Grandma's Day," and others. Complete volume, 75c.

Help-U Dialog and Recitation Book

By various authors and a real help to the teacher. Here are some of the dialogs: "A Strike Mother Goose Settled," "Casey's Twins," "A Lesson in Politeness," "Program for Roosevelt's Birthday," "Boy Wanted," "Helping Santa Claus," "Aunt Phoebe's Nervos," and many others. These are for all grades up to grammar. An abundance of choice recitations for all the grades. Price 40c.

Merry Rhymes of Little Folks' Times

By Margaret A. Fassitt. In this collection of choice little gems we present 40 short poems which are real "Kiddie" talk. They can be used as recitations by little people or as child impersonations by adults. By the way, they will make good reading for mothers and fathers at any time. "The Red Head," "Reflections of a Pup," "I Wish I Had a Ginger Cake," "When You Ask About Your Fixin's," "Our Twins," and many others will make you laugh. Price, 40c.

Comforting Her Patient

By Mrs. W. M. Carruth. Tells how an "impractical" nurse unloads her own and others' troubles on her helpless patient. A good number. Price 15c.

Gossip in Slowville

By E. Haskell. Depicts the sayings of the village gossip and makes a very effective reading. Price 15c.

The Spinsterhood of Mary

A humorous number by Rhoda Barclay. Tells of Mary's resolve to live and die an old maid and her sudden change of mind. Price, 15c.

Mrs. Swattem Attends the Convention

This monolog by Rhoda Barclay is an account of the many complaints of Mrs. Swattem while at the convention. Her sharp tongue wags industriously, if not truthfully. Price, 15c.

Eldridge Entertainment House

FRANKLIN, OHIO also DENVER, COLO.
944 S. Logan St.

Mr. Richey Changes His Mind

(In One Act and Tableaux)

By LEE OWEN SNOOK

Copyright 1921, Eldridge Entertainment House

PUBLISHED BY
ELDRIDGE ENTERTAINMENT HOUSE
FRANKLIN, OHIO - DENVER, COLO.

DEC 19 1921

PS635
.Z9S6733

CAST

Roderick Closefist Richey, owner and general manager of the Fair Store.

Elizabeth Walling

H. Urry Upp, head of delivery department.

Mr. Walker, floorwalker.

Messenger Boy.

Miss Gregg, stenographer.

Miss Pitman, stenographer.

Red Cross Sales Girl.

Clerks, and supernumeraries ad libitum.

†

TABLEAUX

1. Roderick's mother tells him Christmas stories.
2. Roderick hangs up his stocking for Christmas.
3. Roderick's childhood sweetheart gets his present.
4. Roderick receives Christmas box from home, while he is attending college.
5. Roderick's solitaire spurned.
6. The Kiddies' Christmas.

TMP96-006657

©CLD 59435

Mr. Richey Changes His Mind

But one stage setting is needed. Office desk, typewriter stands, filing cases, book cases, or other office furniture is all that is required.

Exits may be arranged to suit the convenience of the players.

Tableaux should be shown at rear center, and somewhat removed from stage proper. A frame should enclose these for better effect. Tableaux may be liberally remodeled to suit. A thin gauze work hung between tableau performers and audience will add to the retrospective atmosphere of the scenes. Special attention should be given to lighting effects so as to contrast Roderick's day-dreams with the realities presented previous to the tableaux.

As curtain rises Richey is discovered seated at desk (right). Two stenographers are at work at left. Characters enter and leave left, but this is not arbitrary.

———o———

(Enter Upp. Approaches desk timidly.)

Upp—Pardon me, sir, but may I have a word with you?

Richey—(*wheeling around in chair*) Well, what is it? Make it snappy and to the point. You know I'm busy.

Upp—I appreciate that sir, but there is one request that the truck drivers have to make—

Richey—(interrupting) Request! REQUEST! That's all I've heard for a week. Somebody wanting off for this or that fool's errand. Somebody wanting a raise when he hasn't been earning what he gets already.

Always a request! *(Scornfully)* But never a suggestion as to how to improve our sales service, you can be sure of that.

Upp—But, sir, my department has not asked you for a favor in months. We have stuck strictly to business, and the boys have undergone many hardships without a murmur.

Richey—Out with it! Out with it! Let's have the agony over, but make it snappy.

Upp—In short, sir, the truck drivers desire to be relieved at 6:30 tonight, so that they may make some necessary preparations for Christmas.

Richey—Just as I thought! "Some necessary preparations for Christmas!" *(This last very scornfully.)* But they never think MY business is necessary, it seems.

Upp—But, sir, many of them have families, and the kiddies will be expecting their Christmas trees and—

Richey—(interrupting) Let 'em expect 'em. It won't hurt 'em to expect 'em. This Christmas sentimentality positively nauseates me. What is there to it but a lot of extravagant and senseless giving.

Upp—But, my dear Mr. Richey, you will surely admit that your business success is based on this "extravagant and senseless giving," as you call it. Now what—

Richey—(interrupting) Bosh! I lose money on Christmas stuff. I actually do. The whole thing's a bore from start to finish. I wish the day could be cut from the calendar.

(Enter Messenger Boy. He winks knowingly at the stenographers, makes grimaces behind his back at Richey, and deposits dispatches in rack on table. Before he leaves he makes a mock military salute. Stenographers laugh and look knowingly at each other. Exit M. B. left with hands extended before head in oriental leave taking fashion. Very mock-heroic.)

Upp—What shall I tell the drivers, Mr. Richey?

Richey—Just this: Nothin' doin'. *Absolutely* nothin' doin'.

Upp—And at what time shall I tell them they are at liberty to quit work?

Richey—Whenever the last parcel is delivered—not sooner.

Upp—But, sir, that may be midnight.

Richey—Tell me something new. There shall be no relief drivers tonight. I want my experienced men at the wheel until we're through.

Upp—Very well, sir, I'll tell them what you say.

(Exit Upp left, hurriedly. Stenographers look scornfully at R., as he turns to his desk and writing.)

(Enter floor-walker.)

Walker—(to Miss Pitman) Please take this dictation for me. I'm in a hurry and I mustn't neglect to send this word to Frank. You know he was my old roommate at Haverhill. You'll see that it's mailed at once won't you?

Miss Pitman—Certainly, Mr. Walker.

Walker—(dictates) Dear old Pal: I have been thinking of you all day, but have been too busy to send you a line before now.

Richey—(wheeling around in chair)—What's this gush? Is this what my stenographers are paid for? Attend to your correspondence on your own time, not mine.

Walker—Pardon me, sir, but it is very late to send any word now, and I have been working so hard all day that I thought you wouldn't object if—

Richey—But I do object. Business is business. Right now you are neglecting your work on the main floor.

Walker—Mr. Green is substituting for me the few minutes I'm away, sir.

Richey—Green, to be sure! Fine idea! If you prize your job, get back to work at once, sir. I'll have no

foolishness about this Christmas rot.

(Walker turns away dejectedly, and goes out left. R. rises and paces up and down the office as Walker leaves. Seems nervous. At this point several clerks hurry in and out with statements or messages which they leave on R.'s desk or with stenographers. All appear ill at ease and leave hastily. R. seats himself again. Enter school girl, very timidly. She stands for some moments in center, and then edges toward desk. R. finally notices her.)

Richey—More Red Cross stamps, I suppose.

Girl—Yes, sir. I thought maybe you'd want some.

Richey—Well, you thought wrong. I haven't time for such nonsense.

(Girl begins to cry and starts to leave. Stenogs. motion her to come close while each buys stamps. Girl throws kiss at them as she departs.)

Richey—(looks at watch) (to stenogs) It's lunch time. You may go. Hurry back as soon as possible. You know what we're up against today.

Both—Very well, sir. *(They rise, put on wraps and exeunt left.)*

Richey—(meditates for some time and walks up and down stage. Finally he seats himself at desk. The room gradually grows darker. He is in deep thought. Doors or curtains at rear part slowly, revealing tableau as indicated.)

Richey—I wonder if my idea of Christmas is the one every business man has. It used to be different with me. Even now I can see the youthful face of my mother as she held me in her lap and told me of Santa Claus and his wonderful ride over the housetops with his reindeer team. Yes, and the wonderful stories of the Christ Child she used to tell me! They are fresh in my mind today, even when a lapse of nearly fifty years has left me little else of the Christmas joys of long ago.

(During the foregoing soliloquy Tableau 1 takes place. This should show mother with child of three or four on her lap. Child looks earnestly into mother's face and shows that her story is making a profound impression.)

Richey—After all, what a wonderful thing it is to have the unquestioning faith of a little child. With what care I used to hang up my stocking on Christmas Eve! I was as sure that Santa would come as that morning itself would dawn. It is something to have a faith like that, after all. I wonder if it is not worth more than all else in this sordid, work-a-day world. *(Tableau 2 for this part should show simple chimney piece with child hanging up stocking.)*

Richey—And the first present I bought for Esther! How I did rack my brain for a week before I spent the precious money I had been saving for a long, long time. But how my heart danced with joy when I found that she really liked it, and loved the giver, too, I felt sure. I wonder where she is now, after all these years. She was a rare soul, indeed. *(Tableau 3 can show girl of high school age, looking at some present which young Richey has just given her. She should be looking admiringly at it while he stands watching her.)* And how well I remember those boxes mother used to send me while I was at college. Christmas surely meant something to me then. What wonderful marble cake she could make! And the fruit cake that was always included! Bless her dear, loving heart. She sleeps beneath the snow this wintry day, all her trials and labors over. And how she loved her boy, and how I love her memory now, even if I wasn't always thoughtful enough to tell her how much I loved her in the old days. The dear, dead, golden days. *(With feeling.) (Tableau 4 shows college boy opening Christmas box from home. This may be handled in a variety of ways. Originality among teachers and pupils will suggest many presentations of this scene, as indeed is the case in all of the tableaux.)* I wish I might erase one thought of the long ago from my memory today. How

well do I remember that evening of the long ago, when I had purchased that present of all presents for her. How sure I was that she would accept it and become my life-partner. But what caused her to take the attitude toward me that she did take, I shall never know. Surely she did not dream how much I really cared. In any case, she changed my whole outlook on life. Christmas has become a hollow sham to me. These many years I have choked back my real nature and have hidden love far from me. I have become a misanthrope, a grump, a grouch, hated and feared by every employe. *(Tableau 5 shows Richey at age of 25, with solitaire in hand, in act of holding it toward the girl of his choice. She stands with head bowed, as if in attitude of deep thought and perhaps of regret.)* But it is wrong. It is sinful. I should not deny others the pleasures of Christmas time. I cannot undo the past, and I must not add wrong to wrong by keeping up this sort of living. The men are right. The kiddies must be looked after. *(During this last statement of the soliloquy, Tableau 6, showing a number of little children playing with their toys may be shown. Their faces should be expressive of supreme happiness.)*

NOTE:—*If time for shifting scenes (a very simple matter in this case) is needed, Richey can easily add more to his ruminations, and he may find it to his advantage to pause several times between remarks in order to gain time. The whole thing is very deliberate, and speed does not enter into it. Characters in tableaux may use their own discretion regarding motions or statuesque positions.*

(Enter stenographers, who start to remove wraps.)

Richey—I have changed my mind. I shall let you off for the rest of the day, if you choose.

Miss Pitman—But there is much to do here, yet, and—

Richey—That's all right. I have made other plans. *(Hands each a bill.)* Here is a little added Christmas

cheer for you. Merry Christmas to you, and a very happy New Year.

Miss Gregg—(*very much astonished*) Why—why—thank you so much, Mr. Richey.

Miss Pitman—Really, I am unable to understand it.

Richey—That's all right. That's all right. It's nothing. Just a little back pay. Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas! *(He fairly pushes them out of the door.) .(The stenographers are heard outside door as they shout back, "Merry Christmas!")*

Richey—(taking down receiver of 'phone after pressing interphone button) That you, Upp? Come to the office at once, please.

(During the interim Messenger Boy comes in cautiously and hands Richey a message. Richey smiles beamingly at him, and Messenger Boy nearly faints. Boy turns to go when R. hands him a piece of money.)

Richey—Take this for being a first-class messenger boy. Go to the show tonight and have a good time.

Boy—Is it really true? Do I really get off tonight?

Richey—Yes, I have decided to let you off.

Boy—Whoopee! You're a real sport, after all. By gosh! I didn't think it of you.

Richey—Keep the change, lad, and a Merry Christmas to you.

Boy—(as he leaves) Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas! *(Outside the door, he is heard to say:)* O, Boy! Me for the Shubert tonight!

(Richey sits in chair at desk, rubbing his hands together in a satisfied way. Upp appears hurriedly from left.)

Upp—Is there something urgent, sir?

Richey—Only this: I have decided to change shifts at six, and your truck drivers may go at that time.

Upp—Why, sir, I thought—

Richey—Yes, I know. But that doesn't matter now. Go, at once, and tell them.

Upp—*(extending hand to Richey)* Put 'er there! This does me a world of good, for the men surely deserve an early quitting after the week's rush.

Richey—And see that each driver's check is boosted twenty-five per cent. before he gets it, will you?

Upp—Do you mean it?

Richey—Mean it? I certainly do. Now away to your men, and a Merry Christmas to all of you.

Upp—The same to you, sir. We surely appreciate the favor. Happy New Year.

Richey—Happy New Year, Upp! *(After a second or two.)* Oh, yes, one thing more.

Upp—*(sticking head in at door again)* Yes, sir.

Richey—Tell Walker to come up.

Upp—I'll do it gladly. *(Closes door.)*

Richey—How much better I feel already. This Christmas siesta seems to have gone to my head. I haven't felt this way for years. Hope is not all dead yet. There is yet time for me to enjoy life and to make others happy.

(Walker comes puffing in.)

Walker—You wanted me, did you?

Richey—Yes, Walker, I want to tell you what a crab I am. That's no news to you, however. I have treated you shamefully. I have behaved myself as befits no gentleman.

Walker—Why—why—

Richey—Only a little while ago I treated you like a galley slave, rather than like a trusted employe. I want to offer you an abject apology, and to crave your forgiveness.

Walker—The debt is paid, Mr. Richey. I shall think no more about it, sir.

Richey—And after the holidays I intend to raise your salary $500 on the year for your close attention to business.

Walker—Really? Is it true? How can I ever thank you enough? Now, the wife and youngsters can be given a few of the comforts of life. I don't know how to tell you how I feel about it.

Richey—Then don't try. I feel better over it than you do, if anything. Now, tell your help on the first floor the good news that we close at 8:00 sharp, and that each is to have a bonus of twenty-five per cent.

Walker—(with emotion) Thank you. Thank you so much. *(Walker leaves, but re-enters immediately.)*

Walker—There is a lady outside. She wants to know if you are too busy to see her a moment.

Richey—Tell her to come in, Walker.

(Lady of about forty years, nicely and smartly attired, enters. Richey rises and is in the act of offering a chair.)

Visitor—(after a pause) I see you do not recognize me. Perhaps it is my veil that makes the difference. *(Removes veil slowly.) (Richey stands in center right, wonder written on every feature.)*

Richey—Elizabeth! Can it be possible? *(Seems too surprised to move.)*

Elizabeth—Yes, Roderick, it is no other. I would have known you anywhere, though, for you have the same merry twinkle to your eye that was there in the good old days.

Richey—(steps over to her and, taking both her hands in his, says:) I am stunned. I—I can't realize that it is you. But pray do be seated. Here I stand like a bump on a log, entirely carried away by your presence, just as I always was in "the good old days," as you have expressed it.

Elizabeth—(accepting chair) I see you are the same old flatterer you used to be.

Richey—Flatterer? *(Not with surprise, but rather reproachfully.)* No, Elizabeth, I mean it. *(Walks over to her chair and places his hand on the back of it.)* And, more than that, if I thought I had the right to tell you more of what is really in my mind and what has been in my mind for nearly twenty-five years, perhaps you would not misjudge me.

Elizabeth—You may consider yourself perfectly free to express yourself, Roderick.

Richey—Then you have not married?

Elizabeth—No. I have led an unhappy existence these long years.

(Messenger Boy bursts into the room entirely unaware of the presence of a visitor.)

Boy—Oh, Mr. Richey! I was just— *(Sees that he has made a mistake.)* Excuse me, sir. I will see you later.

Richey—Yes, son, a little later. *(Knowingly to Elizabeth.)* I have many things besides business to talk about just now.

C U R T A I N

New Juvenile Entertainments

A-B-C-Capers

By Soemple. Here is an attractive and novel number for the Primary Grades or Kindergarten. Little Tim's despair in not being able to master letters is turned to keen interest by the antics of the alphabet troupe. Plays about 20 minutes. Price, 25c.

Emily's Dream

By Mary Frix Kidd. This is the story of a Geography lesson, which, instead of being irksome, was, through the medium of a Good Fairy, made very interesting. This is done by presenting a Geographical Pageant. For a large number of children, who present drills, exercises, etc., in costumes of different nations. Time, about 1 hour. Price, 25c.

The Love Flower

By Bell Elliott Palmer. A very pretty exercise for 6 or 10 girls and 1 boy. Suitable for Children's Day or Easter, and can be given either in or out of doors. Time, 10 minutes. Price, 15c.

The Silver Sandals

By Banche Thompson. Ths is a charming new play for 6 boys, 5 girls, fairies, peasants, attendants, etc. The Princess is downhearted and refuses to be consoled. The fiddler plays, peasants do folk-dances, fairies drill, but not until she gets the silver sandals is she contented. Plays 1 hour or more. Price, 25c.

When Betty Saw the Pilgrims

By Margaret Howard. A pretty story showing how dissatisfied Betty was cured by her mother, who tells the story of the hardships of the Pilgrims, which is illustrated by ten tableaux. Large numbers of children can be used. Plays about 30 minutes. Price, 25c.

Princess Rosy Cheeks

By Effie Sammond Balph. A "good health" play for children, which is very impressive. Introduces Fresh Air Fairies, Soap and Water Fairies, Tooth Brush Brigade, Food Fairies, Rest Fairies, and others. Good-sized cast required with two older children. Plays about 1 hour. Price, 35c.

Queen Loving Heart

By Jean Ross. A splendid children's play, teaching many good lessons. A pretty story of the crowning of Loving Heart, her capture by the Indians and subsequent release, because of her kindness. Can be used for May Day play. 11 speaking parts, Indians, etc. Plays about 45 minutes. Price, 25c.

Eldridge Entertainment House

FRANKLIN, OHIO also DENVER, COLO.
944 S. Logan St.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 016 103 722 9

YOU WILL BE GLAD TO KNOW OF THESE NEW PLAYS

Training Mary

By Mary Shaw Page. A bright 1-act play with simple stage setting. William, husband of Mary, essays to train Mary, especially along the lines of correcting carelessness. As is always the case, William gets in deep water, but finally wades out. 2 males, 4 females, and plays about 45 minutes. Price, 25c.

The Hired Man's Courtship

By Alice Cripps. A short comedy-drama in 2 acts. Captain Edwards tires of wealth and the city, and procures work on Horton's farm, only to find that the farmer's daughter is an old sweetheart. Because of an intrigue on the part of the captain's cousin, an estrangement takes place, which ends happily when the captain finds the source of certain stories and refutes them. Aunt Hepsey, Jim and Ezra (colored), add comedy to the play. Plays about 45 minutes, and is for 3 males and 3 females. Price, 25c.

Merely Anne Marie

A comedy in 3 acts by Beulah King. 3 males, 5 females. Time, 2½ hours. The scenes are laid in a fashionable boarding house, and the characters are all distinct types and worth while. A successful playwright, desiring to escape notoriety, seeks seclusion at Mrs. Teague's and becomes the hero of Anne Marie, the dining room maid. The dialogue is bright, the situations clever and the story ends happily. 35c.

A Bit of Scandal

By Fannie Barnett Linsky. Comedy-drama in 2 acts. Francina, who is to play at the recital, composes her own number. On the evening of the recital, Mary Sherman, who precedes her on the program, plays Francina's compositions, which she has stolen. The reasons for the theft all come out later and of course, all ends well. Nine characters. Plays about 1 hour. Price, 35c.

Miss Burnett Puts One Over

By Ethelyn Sexton. A rollicking 1-act girls' play for 6 characters. Barbara's mother has a friend, Ann Burnett, who is to visit the girls at college, with the intention of giving a generous sum to the school. The girls, wishing o gain her good will, practice their "manners." Miss Burnett, however, appears in disguise and has much fun at their expense. All ends well and the school gets the money. Plays about 45 minutes. Easy setting and costumes. Price, 25c.

Eldridge Entertainment House

FRANKLIN, OHIO also DENVER, COLO.
944 S. Logan St.